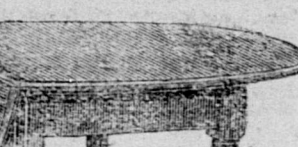

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\$42 50 per Acre.—720 Acres,

AT PLEASANT GROVE, 18 MILES NORTHWEST OF THIS CITY.

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**LOT, 60x50, with good dwelling, \$2,600.
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FINE RESIDENCE, opposite Capital Park.
LOT, 80x60, with choice shrubbery, with lot and very nice view.**

160 ACRES, ONE MILE AND A HALF
from railroad, in El Dorado county;
an orchard and vineyard; 100 acres fenced;

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0,000 ACRES IN SHASTA COUNTY.—
All good foothill land, covered
with oak timber; well watered with springs;
has a living stream of water and an irriga-
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Three large barns and good house.
One hundred and thirty acres in grass.
One hundred head of thoroughly Durham
steer; two imported bulls; eighteen head of
cows; one blood stock horse; Jack worth
all machinery and stock necessary for
the place.

Twenty-five (fifty daily) within three miles.
Ferry mail railroad.
Price (including stock and other personal
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TERMS—Half cash; balance on mortgage.
P.P. This is a bargain; must be seen to be ap-
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400 ACRES, HALF BEING HIGH BOTTOM
7½ to 8000 ft. land, the balance good grain and vine-
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planted to Bartlett pears; 90 acres in alfalfa; 100
acres with corn land; 100 acres in orchard. It runs
into Teahale, big light; it rolls east to Sacra-
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through the place, affording plenty of
water for irrigation. One year's dwelling and land
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house on the premises will sell with the place
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800 J Street, where we would be pleased
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IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

The sun is bright, the air is clear,
The daffodils are out and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying spring.
So blue you winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky
Where, waiting, it has waited long,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.
All things are new—the buds, the leaves,
That gladden the earth's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves
There are no birds in last year's nest!
All things are new in youth and love,
The melting tenderness of night,
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.
Maiden, thou read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
For time is not a bird in last year's nest,
There are no birds in last year's nest.
—Amfion.

THE STORY OF A SATIN GOWN

Teresa, ready dressed for the first real grown-up party of her life, had come to look at herself in the largest mirror in the house, the one that hung between the windows.

She descended in state, treading lightly in her pale blue slippers over the slip of Venetian carpet that ran down the center of the old staircase, black and polished as ebony with age and incessant rubbing. Old Chloe walked behind her, carrying her train, that it might not be soiled. The beautifully embroidered white petticoat revealed the silken stockings, and the pale blue satin caught and threw back many a gleam and gleam from the bright fire in the grate.

The Judge sat in his arm chair, and looked at the fair daughter whose coming had cost him her mother's life.

Many thoughts were in his mind, but he only said:

"If I am any judge of a young lady's costume, my dear, your dress becomes you."

Praise from Judge Shandon is praise indeed, said Teresa with a smile. "If you did not like it, I should go back to my room and stay there, papa. Oh, how nice a train is! One feels so much more dignified. Oh, papa, you are not ready?"

"Sho! sho! you're got to hurry Judge," said Chloe, with the freedom of a woman who had nursed him as a babe. "Nigh about seven, and it's not a kind of a decent dress to Denver's place."

The Judge laid down his book with a smile, and vanished up the stairs his daughter had descended. Teresa, danced and nattered, four-year-old Teresa, danced about her aunt in childish admiration.

"You're as pretty as my doll, amity," she cried.

"You doll," said Chloe. "You doll it is mighty handsome; can't shake a stick alongside Miss Teresa, dough. It's goin' over to de Denver's to help dat lazy Cornell wait, jes to see Miss Teresa cut out all de other ladies de beaux. Our ladies always is de handsomest anywhere, but Miss Teresa—she's de sheaf!"

And away marched Chloe, tossing her yellow turban, to see that the Judge had one of his finest handkerchiefs, and did not forget the rosebud in his button-hole.

Teresa walked about the parlor and summed up in her mind. There, in the corner, stood the tall clock with its round, foolish face, its broad black hands, a ship in full sail crowning all; and below, a round and glittering pendulum swinging to and fro, "as though the moon had come down to earth to play with the great iron weights hanging beside it in the glass case," little Terry often thought.

As Miss Teresa stood there, a young man entered at the open door and walked up to her and held out his hand.

She put hers into it with smiling frankness.

"Going with us, Mr. Gifford?" she asked, gaily.

"The Judge is kind enough to say I may," said the young man.

His eyes were taking in all the beauty of the picture before him. This delicate brunette, clad in the palest blue satin, with pearls about her throat and fragrant as her bosom, was no less the lovely woman on earth. And she was to be his, he fondly hoped—there seemed to be no obstacle.

"Papa is dressing," said Teresa. "We are always late, because he reads to the last possible moment."

The young man bowed. His mind was so full of an intention to make a bright answer. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a dainty envelope. In that year—it is very long ago—they had introduced little adhesive seals to fasten envelopes with. The envelope held this together here a tiny silver dove.

"I have wanted to say something for a good while," he said, "and I am not a good talker. I have written what I wished to utter, and I entreat you to read it when you are alone to-night."

He extended the snowy envelope toward Teresa, who took it from him. As she did so, her eyes came to rest on his face, and a wild rose flush swept up into her face.

How could she fail to know of what young Gifford had written, when his glance had said it all so many times?

There was little doubt that she would give him a kind answer.

But here was the Judge, once more an elegant figure in his evening dress, and here was Chloe holding his dark blue cloak, as she might have held his white embroidered one when he was a baby, and Teresa dropped the letter into her pocket rather quickly.

The carriage drove up to the porch. They entered, Teresa in her soft wraps leaning forward to kiss her hand to Mrs. Gifford, whom Chloe held aloft on the porch to see the last of them.

"I want to go, too," said Teresa.

"So you shall, honey," said Chloe. "Jes as soon as you grow up. You hurry and grow up!"

"Shall I have a dress like auntie's?" asked Teresa.

"Sory, nuff, jes 'like," said Chloe. "Jes de berry image of dat dress, trail an' all!"

Meanwhile the happy little party in the carriage were nearing the scene of festivity. They saw the windows of the house all ablaze with light, and the colored lanterns hung out upon the porch from the branches of the ancient pine trees.

The carriage stopped at the steps, and an old negro came out to assist them.

At this instant a figure interposed itself. A dark, face crowned by a black turban, thrust itself before the door.

"Judge Shandon, I'm Bud Jerome," said an angry voice.

"Good evening, sir," said the Judge.

"Jim Jerome is my brother," said the man. "You sent him as a horse-thief day before yesterday."

"The jury had come to that conclusion, sir," said the Judge.

"And I came to another conclusion just then, Judge," said the man—"to shoot you on sight," and he fired.

hearts. Teresa was no longer there. The child had been sent to her parents, and knew nothing of what had happened. After awhile her parents told her that "Aunt Teresa had gone to heaven."

The married sons and daughters were attentive to their father, but their homes were elsewhere.

Chloe, grave and unsuiling, showing her white teeth in a smile, and wearing a head-kerchief, instead of her favorite red and-yellow bandanas, waited on the Judge and took behind his chair at meal times.

The old clock ticked away in the hall, its voice louder than of yore, in the sad silence of the house.

Roderick Gifford could not forget how he had found her standing before it, with the blue-satin train gathered over her arm. He could see the smile with which she turned to him yet. That last evening came back vividly whenever he stood in the hall. He half expected, sometimes, that Teresa would come tripping down the dark, old staircase, and tell him all this misery was only a bad dream.

One day he left the place, "for a little while," he said. Then they knew he had been urged to join an expedition of moment, and had consented. He wrote a long and loving letter to the Judge, in which he told him more of what he felt than he had ever uttered before, and after his fellow-townsmen now led them, and they were proud of him, and liked to tell strangers he was born there. But for fifteen years none of them ever saw his face.

And many changes took place besides those that time must make.

War fell upon the land. Men who had been rich became poor. There was no longer luxury anywhere, and often hitting poverty entered the once happy households.

Teresa had returned to her grandfather's house an orphan. She was Miss Teresa now.

The Judge was an old man, with hair like snow, who waited on the margin of the dark river.

Chloe had as many wrinkles as a walnut in her face, but was otherwise unchanged. She was the only one left of all the many servants of the house, and it was not easy, sometimes, to serve the Judge and Miss Teresa with pence, and broiled chicken and coffee.

Crops were poor, and they were robbed of their fruit by swarms of every-kind and little darkies. Neither the old gentleman nor the young lady guessed at all their faithful Chloe's device to procure the wherewithal to keep the pot and fry-pan in use.

Just sixteen years from that autumn in which her Aunt Teresa died, Teresa, older than she was then, and her living image, sat at Chloe's feet on the old porch.

The house had become shabby, and the matting in the hall was worn. It could not be helped. But Teresa was used to that; that was not what troubled her.

The Denvers were about to give a party, and they had asked her, of course. "And I can't go, Chloe," she said, half crying. "I haven't a solitary thing to wear."

Chloe shook her head.

"Times is changed," she said. "Times is changed, sartilly."

Her mind went back to years of plenty and elegance, and suddenly an idea seized her.

"There seems to be a Providence in it," she said aloud. "Ef your grandpa wa'n't ailed with rheumatiz, I wouldn't dare to do it, but since it's the will of the Lord, I jedge that it should've happened jes' now."

"What are you talking about?"

"The Judge's rheumatiz in his knee, Miss Terry," replied Chloe. "Ef he was about, I'd say, 'Miss Terry, as I did, but I've been a dimes one of de ladies wa'n't jes' now, up garret, ef de dar ain't got at it. I guess you could wear dat. Fowful handsome it used to be, I remember.'"

Teresa had never been told how her aunt, did not she remember her clearly. Many ladies had married and gone away from that mansion. She did not think of all of the former wearers. A vision of silk, that might be remodelled flashed across her mind.

"Oh, and see and see if it is possible," she cried. "Come, show me where it is," and she flew up the stairs, followed more slowly by Chloe. At the entrance to the garret she paused. "But what had that to do with gowns?" she asked, looking at the old dress.

Chloe was always ready with a fib, when one seemed needed.

"Miss Tessie, do you know the Judge is powerful proud?" she asked. "He'd be so 'fended fur to see Miss Tessie make over old clothes, like she couldn't afford to buy new ones."

Tessie laughed. "It is not likely grandpa would remember a girl for wearing old clothes, like she couldn't afford to buy new ones."

The garret was long and broad. The discarded furniture and garments of generations hung there. Old boxes and bundles, bunches of herbs, half-used bottles of medicine, a rusty sword or two, cracked stumps, broken china, filled it to overflowing.

Old Chloe crossed its length in her loose, flapping slippers, and stopped before a high chest-dresser.

"Miss Tessie," she said, "I is mighty heavy. Have to ask Miss Terry fur to climb onto dat old table and git down dat old box, up a top dere."

A moment more, and Teresa had the box in her arms, and had jumped lightly to the floor. She pulled off the cover. The blue satin dress, of which we know, lay before her.

"Oh! Chloe," she cried, ecstatically. "How lovely! how utterly lovely!" She looked closer. "There's a stain on the blue," she thought.

"Law, yes," said Chloe. "Why, now I remember, Miss Tessie, dat ar dress must've done you some wile spit on it, dat's why dey sent it gone. I s'pose, 'provid, 'all my young ladies, 'd wouldn't have nothin' mended. But I'll jes' cut off a bit of dat sash and patch it, so Miss Tessie wouldn't know. No use bein' too top-dorful deese times."

And so it came about that Teresa, quite unaware of what she did, decided to go to the Denver party in the dress her aunt had mended sixteen years before for the same purpose. It was certainly old-fashioned, but a pretty girl in a beautiful dress only looks quaint, if it be cut in the by-gone style, and the things did fit her so snugly that the Southern place as they do in New York or Paris.

She had dressed and gone down into the parlor, to look at herself in the long mirror, when she saw the same roses in her belt that her aunt had worn. The old rose bush, or the new one from its roots, still bore bountifully. The whole costume was the same, save the roses in her belt. They had gone, with other things of value, in time of hardship.

One ancient horse was being harnessed in an aid, to take the girl upon her way, and she had stepped into the hall to look at the tall clock, impatient of time's lingering footsteps, as a man came up the long path, from the gate, raised upon the threshold. It was Roderick Gifford, returning to his native town after fifteen years of absence.

Years had changed his old sad love story into a sweet, and memory.

He had traveled far and done much. He was thirty-eight years old now, a man of strong mind and physique. But at that moment, it seemed to him that he saw Teresa before him. The intervening time shrunk to nothing—he was 22 again.

"Teresa," he cried. "Teresa!"

The girl turned. Still the illusion remained. He stood looking at her, strange thrills running through her frame. It was a moment she never forgot in all her life.

The next instant he knew the truth. He advanced, gravely and quietly, holding out his hand, a man of the world again.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Teresa," he said. "You were a child when I went away, and naturally you do not remember me as I do you. Perhaps Judge Shandon may have spoken of Roderick Gifford."

The girl's eyes sparkled.

"Everybody speaks of such a famous personage," she said. "I am so glad to meet you. Poor grandpa is in bed to-day, not really ill, but not able to come down. Will you go up to see him? He will be so pleased. She would have conducted him, but Chloe interposed."

"Stay here," she said. "Stay here, stay here, stay here."

Miss Terry; mind what I told you. Oh, Marce Roderick, you can't change none of speak of de time. Come long to de Judge."

But on the stairs she whispered: "I see you know dat dress, can't tell de child, don't. Times is changed, an' de Judge is mighty poor. Miss Teresa, she wouldn't be said no, ef I could done gone up dar to ask her."

"What do such things matter, my good Chloe?" said Roderick, giving the old woman his hand.

But after his interview with her grandfather, when he found himself riding beside the little vehicle which a boy had been hired to drive to the Denvers, it all seemed like a dream again.

He was the last of the evening. Well used to that sort of thing, he bore his social honors calmly, at every opportunity returning to Teresa. He danced with her in the Virginia reel; he took her down to supper.

The girl, to whom he was a hero, was delighted. She liked him as she had this misery was only a bad dream.

As she prattled to him, many things she said were what the other Teresa might have spoken. Yet now he felt, rather than saw, a wide difference between the two. He rode home beside her under the moonlight, quite himself again.

The girl was flattered and delighted. She was radiant as she entered the house, and sent Chloe to bed in the morning, declaring she would undress herself. She threw the blue silk across the bed, and draped in little regarded it critically.

"It is too full," she said. "I'll have it altered in the skirt. Why, there is a pocket. I did not know it had one, it lies so flat."

She took her hand into the little puff of lace and satin to set it out, and felt something there—a letter. She drew it forth. It was addressed to Miss Teresa Shandon. She opened it, and read a passionate declaration of love and an offer of marriage. And it ends thus:

"I pray you remember, that all my future happiness depends on your answer. Do not keep me in suspense."

Tessie, startled beyond expression, read it over thrice.

Such things happen in novels, but how strange that it should have come to her! That a great traveler, a man like that, who had seen so many women everywhere, should fall in love with her at first sight, and how did he write the letter, and how did he slip it into her pocket without her knowledge?

Tessie was bewildered, but there it was. History had so repeated itself that the allusions in that old letter to the dance at the Denvers, and in fact everything that was written to that sweet Teresa who vanished from earth long before, might have been written on that day to the other Teresa who read them.

"It is fate," the girl said, "and I believe I love him already; only it frightens me, coming so suddenly."

It was nearly dark next day, when Gifford, walking on the veranda of his hotel, saw a little barefooted negro boy ascend the steps.

"Got a letter here for Marce Gifford," said the boy. "Miss Teresa she sent it to Marce Gifford, please, Marce."

He caught the bit of silver that was tossed to him, and scurried away, and Roderick opened the envelope, expecting to read an invitation to the Judge's ever hospitable house. These words met his eyes:

"Dear Mr. Gifford: I found your letter in the pocket of my dress, and it has naturally attracted my attention. It is so long, and so full of love, that I cannot say yes, but I cannot say no. I will too much. Ask me again, after awhile, and when my physician has said that I am well, I will answer you. I never believed these things really happened to me."

Gifford quite understood what letter it was that little Tessie had believed her very own. He paced the piazza few times. Marriage had not been on his programme of life, but he could never tell this girl by telling her the truth, and assuredly he could love her.

He laughed a little at the thought that he who had become a romantic of men, should be suspected of such a flight as this. But he went to Judge Shandon that evening, and began his wooing. "I made dat match by my ideot bout de blue dress," said Chloe to herself, on the wedding day.

And that, my readers will comprehend, is truer than she thinks. —Exchange.

Inoculation Against Scarlet Fever.

Medical journals report successful experiments by a French veterinary surgeon on twelve children whom he inoculated with excretions from the nose of a horse suffering from the same scarlet fever of that animal. The modified disease appeared, ran its course, and left the children free from subsequent inoculations of genuine human scarlet fever. The example is not very inviting. We cannot believe that the medical profession or the people are likely to look with favor on the injection of pestiferous excretions into the human system, where there are any other means to protect the community from the prevalence of the contagion. While unprepared to join the crusade against vaccination, in the present state of protective hygiene, and administration, we hold it undeniable that vaccination is at best an evil only less than small-pox itself; that it is clearly without the possibilities of sanitation, and that it is not a very inviting. 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